

Dark Clouds Around the Cross

LOOK nearly overhead between 9 and 10 to the Northern Cross in the constellation Cygnus. Milky Way runs through the figure, showing dark expanses, thought to be due to masses of non-luminous nebulae.



Magazine Page



This Day in Our History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1789, of Jas. Fenimore Cooper, novelist, who did so much to make frontier life live in history. He was one of the greatest narrative writers. His books are still popular.

Robert W. Chambers' Famous Story

THE STREETS OF ASCALON

Illustrated by

Charles Dana Gibson

A Spirited and Swiftly Moving Romance of Hearts and High Society, by the Greatest Living Master of Fiction.

By Robert W. Chambers.

Whose Novels Have Won Him International Fame.

"EVERY word you utter," Quarren said, "forgets a new thing in my love for you."

"You don't mean—love?"

"We mean the same I think—different only in degree."

"Thank you. That is nice of you."

He nodded, smiling to himself; then, graver:

"Is your little fortune quite gone, Streisa?"

"All gone—all of it."

"I see. . . . And something has got to be done."

"You know it has. . . . And I'm old before my time—tired, worn out. I can't work—I have no heart, no courage. My heart and strength were burnt out; I haven't the will to struggle; I have no capacity to endure. What am I to do?"

"Not what you plan to do."

"Why not? As long as I need help—and the best is offered?"

"Wouldn't you take less—and me?"

"Oh, Rix! I couldn't use you!"

She turned and looked up at him, flushed, and disengaged herself from his arm.

"I—I—you are my friend. I have nothing to give anybody—not even you." She smiled tremulously.

"And I suspect that as far as your fortune is concerned, you can offer me little more. . . . But it's sweet of you. You are generous, having so little and wishing to share it with me."

"Could you wait for me, Streisa?"

"Wait? You mean until you become wealthy? Why, you dear boy, how can I?—even if it were a certainty."

"Can't you hold on for a couple of years?"

"Please tell me how? Why, I can't even pay my attorneys until I sell my house."

He bit his lip and frowned at the sunlight water.

"Besides," she said, "I haven't anything to offer you that I haven't already given you—"

"I ask no more."

"Oh, but you do."

"No, I only want what you want,

Streisa—only what you have to offer of your own accord."

A Moment of Silence.

They fell silent, leaning forward on their knees, eyes absent, remote.

"I don't see how it can be done; do you?" she said.

"If you could wait—"

"But Rix; I've told him that I would marry him."

"Does that count?"

"Yes—I don't know. I don't know how dishonest I might be. . . . I don't know what is going to happen. I'm so poor, Rix—you don't realize—and I'm tired and sad—old before my time—perplexed, burnt out—"

She rested her head on one slender curved hand and closed her eyes. After a while she opened them with a weary smile.

"I'll try to think after you are gone. . . . What times does your train leave?"

He glanced at his watch and rose; and she sprang up, too:

"Have I kept you too long?"

"No; I can make it. We'll have to walk rather fast."

"I'd rather you left me here."

"Would you? Then—good-bye."

"Good-bye. . . . Will you come up again?"

"I'll try."

"Shall we write?"

"Will you?"

"Yes. I have so much to say now that you are going. I am glad you came. I am glad I told you everything. Please believe that my heart is enlisted in your new enterprise; that I pray for your success and welfare and happiness. Will you always remember that?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then—I mustn't keep you a moment longer. Good-bye."

They stood a moment, neither stirring; then he put his arms about her; she touched his shoulder once more lightly with her cheek—a second's contact; then he kissed her clasped hands and was gone.

CHAPTER XI.

Quarren arrived in town about twilight. Taxis were no longer for him nor he for them. Suit case and walking-stick in hand, he started up Lexington avenue still excited and

exhilarated from his leave-taking with Streisa. An almost imperceptible fragrance seemed to accompany him, freshening the air around him in the shabby streets of Ascalon; the heat-cured city grew cooler, sweeter for her memory.

Through the avenue's lamp-lit dusk passed the pale ghosts of Gath and the phantoms of the Philistines, and he thought their shadowy forms moved less wearily; and that strange faces looked less wanly at him as they grew out of the night—"clothed in scarlet and ornaments of gold"—and dissolved again into darkness.

Still thrilled, almost buoyant, he walked on, passing the high-piled masonry of the branch post office and the Central Palace on his left. Against high stars the twin power



Streisa, Reading in the Quiet of Wycherly Hollow, Sees Quarren Approaching.

house chimneys stood outlined in steel; on the right endless blocks of brownstone dwellings stretched northward, some already converted into shops where print-sellers, dealers in old books, and here and there antiques, had constructed show windows.

Firemen lounged outside the Eighth Battalion quarters; here and there a grover's or winemaker's windows remained illuminated where those who were neither well-to-do nor very poor passed to and fro with little packages which seemed a burden under the sultry skies.

At last, ahead, the pseudo-Oriental towers of a synagogue varied the flat skyline, and a moment later he could see the New Thought Laundry, the Tonsorial Drawing

Rooms, the undertaker's discreetly illuminated windows, and finally the bay windows of his own recent real estate office, now transmogrified into the Dankmere Galleries of Old Masters, Fyfe & Quarren, proprietors.

The window appeared to be brilliantly illuminated behind the drawn curtains; and Quarren, surprised and vexed, concluded that the little Englishman was again entertaining. So it perplexed and astonished him to find the Earl sitting on the front steps, his straw hat on the back of his head, smoking. At the same moment from within the house a confused and indescribable murmur was wafted to his ears as though many people were applauding.

"What on earth is going on inside?" he asked, bewildered.

"You told me over the telephone that Karl Westgaard might have the gallery for this evening," said the Englishman calmly. "So I let him have it."

"What did he want of it?" Who has he got in there?" demanded Quarren as another ripple of applause sounded from within.

Dankmere thought a moment: "I really don't know the audience, Quarren—they're not a very fragrant lot."

"What audience? Who are they?"

"You Americans would call them a 'rough-looking bunch'—except Westgaard and Bleeker De Groot and Mrs. Caldera."

"Cyrille Caldera and De Groot!"

A thin, hirsute young man had just finished scattering the perfumes of Araby; other perfumes nearly finished quarren; but he held his ground and gazed grimly at an improvised platform where sat, in a half-circle and in full evening dress, Karl Westgaard, Cyrille Caldera and Bleeker De Groot. Also there was a table supporting a calla lily.

Westgaard was saying very earnestly: "The world calls me a novelist. I am not! Thank Heaven, I aspire to something loftier. I am not a mere scribbler of fiction; I am a man with a message—a plain, simple, earnest, warm-hearted humanitarian who has been roused to righteous indignation by

the terrible contrast in this miserable city between wealth and poverty!"

"That's right," interrupted a hoarse voice, "it's all a con game, an' the perlice is into it, too!"

"The hell wit te bulls! Croak 'em!" observed another gentleman thickly.

Westgaard, slightly disconcerted by the significant cheers which greeted this sentiment, introduced Bleeker De Groot; and the rotund old beau came jauntily forward, holding out both immaculate hands with an artlessly comprehensive gesture calculated to make the entire East Side feel that it was reposing upon his beautifully laundered bosom.

"Ah, my friends!" cried De Groot, "if you could only realize how great is the love for humanity within my breast!—If you could only know of the hours and days and even weeks that I have devoted to solving the problems of the poor!"

The Merry Mitt.

"And I have solved them—every one. And this is the answer!"—grasping dauntlessly at a dirty hand and shaking it—"this!" seizing another—"and this, and this!—And now I ask you, what is this mute answer which I have given you?"

"De merry mitt," said a voice, promptly. Mr. De Groot smiled with sweetness and indulgence.

"I apprehend your quaint and trenchant vernacular," he said. "It is the 'merry mitt'—the 'glad glove'—the 'happy hand'! Fifth avenue clasps palms with Doyers street!"

"Ding!" said a weary voice, "yer in wrong, boss. It's nix fr the Tongs wit us gents. We transfer to Avenue A."

Mr. De Groot merely smiled indulgently. "The rich," he said, "are not really happy." His plump, highly colored features altered; presently a priceless tear glimmered in his monocle eye, and he brushed it away with a kind of noble pity for his own weakness.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

ANECDOTES OF THE FAMOUS

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, himself a school teacher in his younger days, tells how a class of school children had been struggling with the problem: "If a cask contains four and a half gallons, how many times can a glass holding a pint be filled from it?"

It proved too much for them, and, as it was near the end of the afternoon, the teacher said:

"Well, boys, you can take that sum home as your homework to-night, and let me know the answer tomorrow morning."

Next morning one member of the class turned up an hour late. He brought a written excuse—a scribbled note on a rough piece of paper. It read:

"Will teacher please excuse Tommy for being late, and please do not give him any more of those sums for homework. My husband spent all the evening working at it, with two friends to help him. In consequence we are all late up to-night morning, and my husband is not fit to go to work today, and has forgotten the answer."

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Which Does He Love?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am eighteen and in love with a man of twenty-four. He has asked me to marry him. I have one more year at school, and wishing to keep our friendship on a whole-hearted basis, I have not acknowledged my love for him.

He had an engagement with him one evening but he did not come, or call on the phone, or write until three weeks later, when I received a short letter saying he had been ill and as I did not call him or write, he had decided that I did not care for him, so was engaged to be married soon, as he had found his true love at last.

POSSIBLY you are right and the man did fall into an engagement with another girl out of sheer pique. It can do no harm for you to ask him to come to see you once more for the sake of your old friendship. If you find that he is indeed interested elsewhere, you must feel that you had your chance and missed it, and that you have no right to do one thing to hurt another girl or spoil her happiness. But if you feel that he is going to make a miserable blunder that will hurt anyone real happiness, and you think a girl of your age knows her feelings, marry him now and don't ask him to wait. I've an idea that you're not as desperately in love as you think, and that you're sensible little girl who's going on with her school work and will find her happiness later.

Beautiful a Complexion

IN TEN DAYS

Nadin Cream

The Unspoil Beautifier

Used and Endorsed by Thousands

Guaranteed to remove tan, freckles, pimples, sallowness, etc. Removes all skin blemishes. Rich, creamy, soft, healthy. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail, two sizes, 60c. and \$1.20. NATIONAL TOILET CO., Paris, France.

Getting Too Fat?

Try This—Reduce

People who don't grow too fat are the fortunate exception. But if you find the fat accumulating or already cumbersome, you will be wise to follow this suggestion, which is endorsed by thousands of people who know. Call for a free literature. Write to the Marmola Co., 4112 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. for a large case of Marmola's Prescription Tablets. One dollar is the price the world over. By doing this you will be safe from harmful drugs and be able to reduce two, three or four pounds a week without dieting or exercise.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

AN INTERESTING STORY OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By ANN LISLE.

Whose Present Serial Has Won a Nation-Wide Success.

"JEANIE!" I called. "Jeanie, don't leave me like this. I can't bear much more—"

alone!"

I stepped toward the door as I spoke. But I didn't open it. What use was there in running after Jeanie? For Phoebe's sake I couldn't go back to Jeanie's apartment and risk driving the desperate young thing out of the home where she had more right to be than I. For Jim's sake I couldn't give up the job which meant money and might help me out over if a crash came. So what had I to gain by reopening a discussion which would only antagonize Virginia?

Hunger and worry gave me a restless night, and I was a haggard-looking creature when I started off early the next morning to visit Neal. Fortunately, his bedroom was not very bright and Neal's attention was so thoroughly occupied with the doctor's promise that he could be out for a short drive by the end of the week. So I got away without any embarrassing revelations.

My course went straight to Dad Lee's hotel. They told me at the desk that Mr. Lee was at breakfast and I bore down on the dining room resolutely. The head waiter led me toward a table where Dad Lee sat with his back to me and all his attention focussed on a common-looking man I'd never before set eyes on. As I approached the table the strange man began speaking in a low and throaty voice:

"And if you ask me I'll say they'll never get Dicky boy. I'll say he's not lettin' the dope make him forget nothing, either. He'll come back when he's good and ready. So no need to be anxious."

At this point the obsequious waiter drew up at the table announcing:

"Lady to see Mr. Lee."

Dad Lee leaped to his feet, looking for all the world like a cornered rabbit, with a twitching nose and watering eyes. But as he seized my arm and steered me toward the door I noticed that the grip of his thin fingers was powerful and purposeful—not rabbit-like at all.

"Well, well, m' dear," he accented. "If your coming to surprise your old governor, why don't you tell him? Here I ain't even had a shave, and I'm wearing yesterday's collar. I ain't fit for my daughter to be seen with. I'm going to take you to the writing room while I go and get dolled up, as the saying is."

Quick To Hedge.

"You needn't," I said significantly. "I came on business."

"Had your breakfast, m' dear?" he asked with insistent cordiality.

I was just thinking that as soon as I'd got to my own glad rags, we'd have a party on dad."

"I've had my breakfast," I unhesitatingly said. "Let's sit here. It's cosy and private."

Then you didn't get any further

Attractive Aprons

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THE fall housecleaning means much work for the housekeeper, and these days, when many women are without maids, the burden falls heavily. However, no woman need look unattractive, for there are so many new aprons designed for this purpose.

Charming is a slip-over apron of yellow chambray, bound and trimmed with yellow and black cretonne, cut after the fashion of the bungalow apron, with short kimono sleeves, square neck, patch pockets and a loose belt of the material. There may be a cap to match each apron to protect one's hair.

The tiny checked gingham aprons are especially attractive made up with white collar and cuffs. If you prefer to wear the apron as a house dress also, make it a slip-on model, but if you plan to wear your street frock underneath, it is more convenient to leave it open down the back. A white collar of butcher linen and turnback cuffs will lend a fresh appearance. Long sleeves will protect your underneath sleeves. A sash of the gingham and pockets, too, are smart.

Many city women prefer large white cover-all aprons of heavy muslin or duck, as they may be sent to the laundry.

Have you seen the aprons the brides are so enthusiastic about? They are fashioned of cretonne in the most bizarre effects and are full skirted. The bodice is small and cut with straps that go over the shoulders and cross at the back. There are enormous sash ends that tie in the back with a saucy bow. Sometimes the edges of the apron are bound in harmonizing tape.

Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

I T is ninety today in the shade where I stay—goodness knows what it is in the sun; though I work pretty hard at my job as a bard, just to present it isn't much fun. Although joy is my goal, I'm a sensitive soul and to-day I have had a bad blow for, while mopping my brow, a man hailed me just now, saying: "Lay in your soul before snow."

Perspiration dripped down as I gave him a frown, a baleful, malevolent glare; but he paid me no heed and went on: "Yes, indeed, you should purchase enough and to spare." Then he spoke with delight of his best Anthracite, he declared: "As for heat, this has got the world beat, and our Number One coal is a trump!"

He conversed about fire till I felt a desire to throttle the wretch

Morale in Illness

By Brice Belden, M. D.

THERE is no remedy more important than hope. It has even been called the best remedy. Anything that increases a sick person's optimism is a curative asset, and anything that discourages is a liability.

A tactless physician could easily break down the morale of most of his patients if he tried to frighten them into compliance with his treatment.

People who have had hardly a sick day in their lives cannot be suddenly told that they have Bright's disease of the kidneys or something that sounds equally ominous.

It is different with the chronically ailing, or with the one who have had a great many illnesses. The latter type of patient gets to be a sort of philosopher about these matters. He has developed in the course of his stormy career a good deal of self-confidence. If one has recovered again and again from menacing diseases, one is likely to take a good deal of satisfaction out of the game of proving a not too hopeful doctor wrong.

Everyone has noted how the delicate invalid will oftentimes live on while the robust may easily lapse and display but little resistance. We have already given a strong hint as to what is the trouble in these cases.

It is said that the breakdown is due to overwork or something equally irrelevant, when the truth which has broken down the man's is that something has happened morale and started a demoralizing panic.

Do you know that

Trial by jury is said to have existed in 200 B. C.?

Pianos are to be taxed in Paris at the rate of 30 francs for an upright and 60 francs for a grand.

The swallow's mouth, in proportion to its size, is larger than that of any other bird.

A Japanese wooer presents his sweetheart with a beautiful sash by way of an engagement token.

Lungs in a perfectly healthy state are very rare, according to the curator of a Parisian medical institute.

A Delightful Romance in Which a Beautiful Girl Makes a Great Sacrifice for the Gifted Young Man She Loves.

What's that silly old dandy doing down here?"

"Diffusing sweetness and light among the unwashed; telling them that there are no such things as classes, that wealth is no barrier to brotherhood; that the heart of Fifth avenue beats as warmly and guilelessly as the heart of Essex street, and that its wealth-burdened inhabitants have long desired to fraternize with the benchers in Paradise Park."

A Strange Audience.

"Who put Westgaard up to this?" asked Quarren, aghast.

"De Groot. Karl is writing a levelling novel calculated to annihilate caste. The undertakers next door furnished the camp-chairs, the corner grocer the collation; Westgaard, Mrs. Caldera and Bleeker De Groot the rain-food. Go in and look 'em over."

The front door was standing partly open; the notes of a piano floated through; a high and soulful tenor was singing "Perfumes of Araby," but Quarren did not notice any as he stepped inside.

Not daring to leave his suitcase in the hallway, he kept on along the passage to the extension where the folding doors were locked. Here he deposited his luggage, locked the door, then walked back to the front parlor and, unobserved, slipped in, seating himself among the battered derelicts of the rear row.

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SWINDELL'S

DRIED BEEF

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